

Hearts Courageous

HALLIE
ERMINIE
RIVES

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The second day out he accosted the skipper, Master Jabez Elves, and wished him fair weather and a good day with an insinuating accent which betokened a bent for conversation. But Master Elves replied only with a nautical grunt.

Jarrat tried a direct inquiry. "Where is the Marquis de la Trouerle?"

"Sick," replied the skipper. "In his cabin," and rolled away.

"Ah!" smiled Jarrat. "Our French gentleman is a poor sailor."

But as the days went by it became certain that the distinguished passenger was ill of a less passing malady than that of mer.

On an evening the captain pushed open a narrow cabin door at the end of a passage, but before he could enter a young man sprang up and barred the way.

"I would see the Marquis de la Trouerle," said Jarrat.

"You cannot see him, monsieur." The young man's tone was very firm.

"Who are you?"

"The marquis's secretary, monsieur."

Jarrat took a gold crown from his pocket and offered it to the other with the easy effrontery of one perfectly certain of his ground. Every underling, it was his belief, had his price, from lackeys to prime ministers. It is a theory which on the whole works not badly.

The man before him, however, was of another sort. He put the coin back. "You cannot see the marquis, monsieur," he repeated.

"Cannot, you whelp?" said Jarrat, with his tongue on his lip and in the soft tone which with him covered a white hot of rage. A copper lantern, pierced with holes, threw yellow beams down the passage, and in this glare the young man on the threshold saw his face, evilly beautiful and distorted. The coin rattled on the floor.

The young Frenchman stooped to pick up a gold piece. "Monsieur has dropped his crown," he said, holding it out.

Jarrat took it and thrust it into his pocket. "It was too small a douceur," he said easily, "oh, master secretary?"

Most of those on the ship did not know, so insular were the prejudices of the Anglo-Saxon, that the Marquis de la Trouerle was a personage in his own country. Even Caron de Beaumarchais, son of a watchmaker, that airy, naive, fantastic charlatan who at the age of twenty-four had washed his hands at his father's shop, changed his clothes and came to court to give the four daughters of Louis XV. lessons on the harp—even he was less welcome at the Tuilleries or less a favorite of the young Queen Marie Antoinette than this same nobleman now aboard the Two Sisters.

It is perhaps not to be wondered at that the passengers knew little of such things and doubtless for the most part cared less. Two Annapolis merchants, loyal since the nonimportation agreements had pinched their pockets; a brace of London factors looking for likely agencies; a Virginian fresh from study in the Middle Temple, bound for the workhouse at Lancaster; a British quartermaster journeying to Boston—what should such a company know of Gallic pedigrees or the chatter of the French court?

A diplomat might have found in the presence of the marquis something to ponder. For at that time strange things were stirring. Louis XVI., young, enthusiastic, unaccustomed, was learning for the first time exceeding difficult it is to be a king. M. Turgot, his grim old minister of finance, logical, pitiless, cold as a dog's nose, was pulling one way; Beaumarchais, brilliant as a chameleon, fascinating, egotist, intimate of a French queen, was pulling another.

And what was the bone of contention? Whether France should give her treasure to the secret aid of the American colonies. With such counsels in the air England slept, like a surly bulldog, with one eye open. She watched at home, and her astute ambassador, Lord Stormont, kept a hawk's eye upon the Tuilleries.

So, in itself, there was an interest for those who knew, attaching to the sudden journeying to America of this man, so near to the French counsels, at once a noble, a courtier and a republican. And this interest was intensified for Jarrat, who, mindful of the letter he carried of confidential import, hugged the reflection that he knew the reason for it.

Jarrat, like many another schemer, made the error of undervaluing the intellectuality of an opponent. He had small idea that the marquis' young secretary was observant in his turn. It was nevertheless the fact. But M. Armand, who had scented him very early, kept his cabin, and no one aboard the ship carried no leech-saw his master.

Four days after the episode of the gold crown Jarrat tried the skipper again.

Master Elves received a bitter end and wore a habitual droop to his eye. Now the courtesy came as thickly as cold weather treacle.

"The Marquis de la Trouerle," he answered, "ain't on the ship."



"You cannot see him."

Jarrat stepped back heavily. "Not on the ship, bend plague me! He is on the ship."

"Mayhap ye know better nor I," answered Master Elves shortly.

Jarrat burst out laughing. He felt a sudden contempt for this clumsy subterfuge.

"A brave conclusion!" he cried. "And how long is it to last? Is the noble gentleman to be shamming Abraham in his cabin till we sight the Virginia capes? Awhile ago he was sick, guarded from all our prying eyes by his argus-eyed clerk. Now, behold, he is not even aboard! Oh, an accomplished nobleman!"

The skipper squinted out to sea, and a drawn pucker came to his lips.

"What then?"

"Just this: I want to see the marquis, and I mean to see the marquis. D'ye hear that, you lumpin' feller? T'will be better for you, I can tell you, if you fetch me to him at once!"

The skipper's moment had arrived.

"Fetch ye to him!" he roared, with something between an oath and a chuckle. "The man ye're after died two days ago and was sent to the fishes last night! Fetch ye to him! Haw, haw!"

With this parting shot he went off spitting furiously.

"Dead!" exclaimed Jarrat, with sagging jaw, staring after him. "Dead!" he said again, and then stood, vacant eyed, his face the dead color of elgin in which calculation has had no time to slip.

(To Be Continued.)

Every republican in Paducah and the incorporated towns of the district should register on next Tuesday, October 4th.

OPINION TOMORROW.

Judge D. L. Sanders, in the police court, will tomorrow morning render his opinion in the case against Manager J. E. English, of The Kentucky Theater, for giving performances Sunday. The opinion will likely be oral, and there will no doubt be a large crowd out to hear it.

Republicans, if you would vote, register Tuesday, October 4th.

Matthews S. Priest died at Steubenville Tuesday, aged 84. During the civil war he was a river engineer and volunteered as engineer of union boats that occasionally ran the blockade at Grand Gulf and Vicksburg.

Captain J. T. Calhoun, of the Diamond Jo line, is to pilot the steamer Ten Broeck, which is due southbound soon. She will tow ties on the Tennessee river and in taking down two new barges from Davenport, built by Tom Calhoun of that city, for this towing steamer Calhoun will return to his home on Hawk Eye.

Jefferson has the best in the city.

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TORMENTING RHEUMATISM

Columbus, Ohio, May 20, 1903.

Six years ago I had a severe attack of Inflammatory Rheumatism. I was laid up in bed for six months, and the doctors I had did me no good. They changed medicines every week and nothing they prescribed seemed to help me. Finally I began the use of S. S. S. My knee and elbow joints were so swollen and painful that I could not close them when opened. I was so bad that I could not move knee or foot. I was getting discouraged, you may be sure, when I began S. S. S., but as I saw it was a sound well man and have never had a return of the disease. S. S. S. purified my blood and cured me of this severe case of Rheumatism after everything else had failed. I have recommended it to others with good results.

R. H. CHAPMAN.

1355 Mt. Vernon Ave.

The poisonous acids that produce the inflammation and pain are absorbed into the blood and Rheumatism can never be conquered till these are neutralized and filtered out of the blood and system. S. S. S. goes directly into the circulation and attacks the disease itself. It purifies and restores the blood to a healthy, vigorous condition. It contains no potent, alkali or other strong minerals, but is guaranteed entirely vegetable. Write us and our physicians will advise without any charge whatever. Our book on Rheumatism sent free.

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

NEWS OF THE RIVERS.

Gauge today 2.3, a rise of one-tenth. Cloudy and warm.

The Henry Harley left at 8 a. m. for Cairo with a good trip.

The Tennessee arrived last evening from Tennessee river.

The Charleston is due tomorrow from Tennessee river.

The Rob Dudley left last evening for Evansville and is due again Sunday.

The Royal arrived from Golconda this morning and left again this afternoon.

Capt. Henry Smith went to Gilbertsville today on business.

Capt. Oscar Barnett, of Cincinnati, was in the city today and went up to the quarries on the Ohio river on his towboat, the Gondola.

Capt. Joe Fowler says that he cannot express his regret at selling the Dick Fowler, but that there is one thing he cannot part with, her whistle. Since 1870 that whistle has been heard nearly every day between Paducah and Cairo, and it will continue to be, for Capt. Fowler will keep the whistle when he sells the boat. He intends to hear that whistle as long as he lives, he declares.

The new and handsome towboat Nugent will make her trial trip in a few days at Louisville.

None but the lightest draught boats are running on the Ohio now.

W. S. Overstreet, engineer in charge of Pond river, a navigable branch of Green river, working under the United States engineer at Louisville, has decided to prosecute any person who hereafter violates the law by obstructing Pond river.

Among those coming from Pittsburg on the Little Joe are Capt. Harry Black, John and James McDavid, Robert Holden, Frank Wilkins, James Harper and Lew Spear. Capt. Harvey Robb and George Foreman will board the launch at New Cumberland, W. Va.

Bids were opened in the office of Col. G. J. Lydecker, United States engineer, at Cincinnati Tuesday, for the construction of the dam and locks at Culm's Riffle. All bids were in the neighborhood of \$810,000. When the awards are granted the work will be commenced immediately.

Capt. Peter Arnold died in Evansville a few days ago, aged 81.

The Vermie Mack will be raised at Vicksburg and put on the marine ways here for repairs.

The Corwin H. Spencer is in the winter excursion business between New Orleans and the jetties.

The Avalon is in the Madison and Cincinnati trade.

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AGENT GONE

HE DISAPPEARED SEVERAL DAYS AGO AT MOUNDS, ILL.

The Cairo Bulletin says: "A. H. Plemons, for the past four years ticket agent for the Illinois Central railroad company at Mounds, Ill., and also agent for the American Express company, has been missing from that city since Monday night and his whereabouts are unknown."

"He left home Monday evening telling his wife that he was going to Cairo to see the performance of 'The Tenderfoot' at the opera house. He failed to return to Mounds Tuesday and it was learned from a conductor that he had gone to Martin, Tenn., since which time he has not been seen."

"When Plemons failed to return to Mounds the railroad officials took charge of the office and began an investigation. J. J. Hester, auditor for the road, was sent from Chicago and D. K. Brown, auditor for the American Express company joined him in his investigation. It is claimed they have already discovered shortages amounting to nearly \$1,000 and are still engaged in checking up the accounts."

"Plemons has been employed at Mounds by the railroad company the past four years and he was believed to be upright and honest, but it is stated that since his disappearance it is learned that he spent considerable time at the gaming table. He has one child and his wife residing at Mounds."

Republicans, do not fail to register Tuesday, October 4th, 6 a. m. to 9 p. m.

STOLE THE SHOES.

Mrs. Matt Quisenberry, who runs a store at Fourteenth and Burnett streets, was dragged and thrown down early last evening by an unknown negro who came in and purchased a pair of shoes and attempted to leave without paying for them. Mrs. Quisenberry seized him to hold him until she could get help, but he ran, and being large and strong dragged her towards the door and escaped, throwing Mrs. Quisenberry down as he leaped out the door. He escaped with the shoes and the police have been unable to find him. Mrs. Quisenberry had an arm wrenched, but otherwise was uninjured.

Republicans, if you would vote, register Tuesday, October 4th.

YUCATAN CHILL-TONIC

The Stomach of a sick person rebels at sweet medicines. Yucatan Chill Tonic contains nothing sickening and is easily assimilated by the weakest stomach. A trial bottle will convince any sick person of its superiority over all so-called tasteless, chill tonics. 20 cents a bottle. For sale by dealers generally. Made only by The American Pharmaceutical Co., (Incorporated) Evansville, Indiana.

Sold by DUBOIS, KOLB & CO.

Not Fatal.

No Matter What Doctors Say—We Know That Heart Trouble in Many Cases Can Be Cured.

There are seven main features of heart disease, viz: (1) Weakness or Debility; (2) Rheumatism or Neuralgia; (3) Valvular Disorder; (4) Dilation; (5) Enlargement; (6) Fatty Degeneration; (7) Dropsy.

Documentary evidence will prove thousands of so-called "incurables" have been absolutely cured by Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure.

Patients often have no idea their disease is heart trouble, but ascribe it to Indigestion, Liver Complaint, etc.

There are some of the symptoms: Shortness of breath after exercise. Smothering Spells. Pain in Chest, Left Shoulder and arm. Discomfort in Lying on one side. Fainting Spells. Nervous Cough. Swelling of Feet and Ankles. Paleness of Face and Lips. Palpitation. Nightmare. Irregular Pulse.

"I have great faith in Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and speak of its merits whenever opportunity presents. I can now go up and down stairs with ease, where three weeks ago I could hardly walk one block." One year later—"I am still in good health; the Heart Cure has done so much for me, that I find it a far greater medicine than you claimed it to be."—S. D. YOUNG, D. D., 697 North Pine St., Natchez, Miss.

Money back if first bottle fails to benefit.

FREE Write us and we will mail you a Free Trial Package of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, the New, Scientific Remedy for Pain. Also Symptom Blank for our Specialist to diagnose your case and tell you what is wrong and how to right it. Absolutely Free. Address: DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., LABORATORIES, ELKHART, IND.

What People Say of the Shoffner Sure Cure.

PADUCAH, Ky., March 5, 1903.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I was a sufferer with indigestion for five years and could get no relief until I bought one bottle of Shoffner's Sure Cure, and it helped me so much that I took six bottles and it has cured me sound and well, thanks to the Shoffner's Sure Cure.

Mrs. JOHN SMEDLEY, 806 S. Third St.

If after using one bottle according to directions you are not benefited, your money will be refunded.

SHOFFNER-HAYES MEDICINE COMPANY

INCORPORATED

For Sale by All Druggists.

PADUCAH, KENTUCKY

HEALTH AND VITALITY

DR. MOTT'S NERVE-REPAIRING PILLS

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all diseases of the nervous system, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youtful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity